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WANDERINGS BY THE ABBEY.

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WANDERINGS BY THE ABBEY;

OR,

Poems and Lyrics.

BY JOHN J. MULHOLLAND.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care—
The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

BURNS.

BELFAST:

PRINTED BY HUGH CLARK & COMPANY,
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1836.



PREFACE.

IT has been customary that a young author, on venturing to appear before the public, should offer some reason for his temerity; and I am fully sensible how necessary some apology is in my own case. The best apology, however, that I can offer, is a simple narration of the circumstances that have led to the production of the following little work.

The early part of my life was spent in a beautiful village in the vicinity of Belfast; and having been accustomed, in my boyish days, to wander among the delightful scenery in that neighbourhood, my mind was early imbued with the spirit of romance. The writings of Erin's Bards became my favourites; and in time, the idea was cherished that I, too, might produce something, however unequal it might be to the works of my predecessors.

Several of my first attempts at poetry were offered to that fostering nurse of genius, *The Belfast News-Letter*, where they found a ready insertion; and, though published without my full signature, the author was discovered. The approbation of some friends, in whose judgment I placed considerable reliance, encouraged me to further exertions. Being only a young adventurer in the fields of literature, and offering the following pieces to a discerning public, I feel like the young swimmer, when first committing himself to the watery element. By the

success of this essay, whatever that may be, I shall gain a just estimate of my own talents; and, although there may not be much that I can flatter myself will confer any positive benefit upon society, yet I can defy lynx-eyed criticism itself to point to the plague-spot of immorality in my pages. While every thing of an injurious tendency has been studiously avoided, every principle which can incite to exaltation of character, has been, at least, intentionally cherished. In a critical view, I cannot hope that my pages are faultless: imperfection belongs to every work of man, and this little volume, no doubt, has its share; but I trust that my inexperience, and the age at which most of my pieces were written, will be sufficient to excuse me with my friends—and what *they* think or say who are *not* so, is to me a matter of inferior consequence.

I do not pretend to be insensible to ambition; on the contrary, I am feelingly alive to the opinions of my friends; and nothing would give me greater satisfaction than the assurance that I enjoyed the approval of some whose talents I respect, and whose esteem I value.

As forbearance in the case of juvenile authors is among those traits of Irish character, whose display in proper circumstances may be generally calculated upon, I trust that to me that generous sympathy will be extended, which, on some future occasion, may impart confidence for more exalted aspirings, or for undertakings which, in design at least, shall have higher claims than the present to the acceptance of the public.

JOHN J. MULHOLLAND.

Woodburn, October, 1836.

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P O E M S.



WANDERINGS BY THE ABBEY.

THE OLD ABBEY.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew.—BURNS.

How softly on this lonely spot
To-night the silver moonlight falls !—
The gentle winds, that fitful sigh
Around the mouldering walls,
Seem wailing for the dead who sleep
Within their graves so dark and deep.

The warrior, on the battle-field
Who dearly earn'd his short-liv'd fame,
Perchance in this lone spot is laid :
To tell his honoured name,
No monumental stone is seen,
Where waves the dewy grass so green.

Here beauty rests ;—the gentle girl,
That in the merry festive hall
Was once amid the glittering throng
Th' admired one of all,
Here sleeps forgot—within her breast
The worm has made his place of rest.

No reverend monk can now be seen ;
The choir shall now no longer raise
At Sabbath eve the sacred song
To the Creator's praise :
All—all their narrow homes have sought—
The lord and slave alike forgot.

Here time has laid his withering hand ;
And ere a few short years have pass'd,
This relic of the days gone by
Will totter to the blast ;
But still that hoary ruin's fame
Shall flourish in the hamlet's name.

White-Abbey ! by thy "hermit shore,"
In boyhood's bright and happy day,
How sweetly with my comrades dear
Has pass'd the time away !—
How joyfully have we pursued
Our sports, by glen, and stream, and wood !

And when at noon, on Saturday,
We met beside the restless sea,
The summer sun ne'er shone upon
A happier group than we ;
And our light skiff along the tide
We've guided, till the daylight died.

And sadly of those days I've thought,
As lately o'er the heathy hills
I wander'd, till the sun's last rays
Fell on the crystal rills,
That lave the green moss playfully,
As from their founts they gush so free.

Long years have pass'd since the sweet eve
That to those scenes I bade farewell ;
A cheerless wandering mine has been,
As this sad heart can tell :
Yet there alone I love to stray,
And think on those that are away.

I've rested me beside the bush,
Where oft I watch'd the linnet's nest ;
To the soft wind it waves there still,
With yellow blossoms drest :
It seems as 'twere but yesterday
That from its side I stole away.

The winds that crept from leaf to leaf,
In their low, gentle whispering—
The sweet songs of the joyful birds—
To memory did bring
The happy hours of boyhood's day,
That ever fly too swift away.

Beside the Abbey's ivied walls
No more shall meet that happy band :
Some 'neath the dark-blue waters sleep ;
Some in a distant land,
Allur'd by fortune's fickle smile,
Are wandering far from Erin's isle.

And as I linger here alone,
In fancy their dim forms appear
Around me, and their voices sweet
Awake upon mine ear ;
But o'er my heart can steal no more
The rapture it has felt of yore.

THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs and loads his yellow thighs,
For thee, my love, and me.—BRYANT.

Now away o'er the deep and foaming sea,
We leave our homes far, far behind ;
And merry and light our hearts must be,
As we listen the moan of the wakening wind ;
For it bears us away to a stranger land—
To the happy home I have found for thee—
Where the sweet wild-flow'rs are softly fann'd
By the gales that breathe 'neath the greenwood tree.

“ Oh ! my heart will break for my peaceful home,
That now is far o'er the ocean's foam :
Oh ! ne'er on earth will I see again
A spot so dear as my native glen,
And the groves so green, where we used to stray,
When soft and warm was the summer day !
Oh ! the greenwood wild can never be,
In its brightest hue, half so dear to me ! ”

In the forest wild, oh ! how sweet 'twill be,
When bright and blue is the morning sky,
From his den in the tangled brake to see
The red deer bound so swiftly by !
But my bullet can reach him as he hies
Through the woods away, in his strength and pride
And the boldest bird 'neath the sky that flies,
I can lifeless bring to my LAURA'S side.

“ But methinks I see the bitter tear
Steal o'er the cheek of my mother dear,
And hear her voice o'er the waters wild
Call on the name of her absent child !
Oh ! why have we left that vale so sweet,
And the dear-lov'd friends we'll never meet,
Where calm content for ever smiled,
To seek a home in the desert wild ?”

Nay, dearest ! let thy murmuring cease :
I will seek again that vale with thee ;
And thy days will calmly flow in peace,
When I am far o'er the trackless sea.
But I dreamt of one who by my side
Would gladly roam in weal or woe—
Who would make the moments sweetly glide,
When the storms of life did wildest blow.

“ Nay, there’s a cloud on that bold brow,
Where hope and joy reposed but now !
Oh ! I am thine, in weal or woe,
O’er the wide, wide world, where’er you go !
Yes ! I am thine ; and ne’er again
Will you hear me mourn for my native glen ;
For a lonely cot ’neath the sheltering tree
Would be a loved home if shared by thee.”

Thou’rt mine ! thou’rt mine !—and the joyous thought
Steals sweet o’er the heart that has loved thee long ;
But thy restless carèrs will be all forgot,
At eve, as we listen the sweet bird’s song.
Oh ! the forest for me, where warbling flow
By their mossy banks the streamlets clear,
And misery’s hour I can never know
In my greenwood home, with my LAURA dear !

AGAIN, OH! ONCE AGAIN.

She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight,
And rose where'er I turn'd mine eye—
The morning-star of memory.—BYRON.

AGAIN, oh! once again,
Ere to my native land I bid adieu,
I'll hie where murmurs through the hazel glen
The infant streamlet blue.

There, where the brackens green
Wave to the whisp'ring breeze at eventide,
The sweetest moments of my life have been
Spent by my MARY's side.

Time fled too swift away,
As from the pages of our little book
We read, by turns, the minstrel's cheering lay,
Within that leafy nook.

Life was all sunshine then;—
Oh! never more on earth this heart shall be

(I care not to what land I roam) again
From every care so free !

Oh ! it was happiness
To wander by her side—to hear her speak—
To watch the soft and glossy curls caress
Her young and glowing cheek !

And when to mine she rais'd
Her languid eyes of softest, loveliest blue,
A heart-felt rapture, as I fondly gaz'd,
Would steal my bosom through !

Oh ! I remember well
The time when last we met ; and ne'er can be
The sweet words then that from her dear lips fell
Eras'd from memory.

It was an eve in Spring—
The young leaves trembled 'neath the zephyr's breath,
And past our feet the rill ran murmuring
The dewy sedge beneath.

Her head upon my breast
She gently lean'd, beneath the hawthorn tree ;

And in sweet murmuring words the love confess'd
She long had felt for me.

My heart with joy beat high !

I was belov'd—'twas ecstasy to hear
The gentle murmur, the low trembling sigh,
Of her I lov'd most dear !

But when Spring came again,

And gentle winds swept o'er the calm, deep sea,
I sought the lone spot in the hazel glen
Where grew the trysting-tree.

I linger'd there alone,

Till the bright moon rose in the starry sky ;
But, oh ! the fair form of my gentle one
Met not my tearful eye.

Calm is my MARY's rest,

Beneath the willow in the churchyard lone ;
And there the breezes from the soft south-west
Sigh with a wailing tone.

They've cool'd my burning brow,

As by her grass-green grave I sat at night,
Watching the dew-drops on the willow bough
Gleam in the pale moonlight.

THE BANDIT.

Wild Darrel is an alter'd man.—SCOTT.

“COME hither, boy !” the old man said ;

Come, rest you by my side,

And I will tell a tale to thee

This glorious eventide.

Come, rest you on this primrose bank,

Where the soft zephyrs play ;

And I will speak of days gone by

’Twill while the time away.

“ See’st thou yon lightning-stricken tree,

Beside the sloping hill ?—

Oh ! many a tempest it has brav’d,

And yet it lingers still :

There once an humble cottage stood,

Beneath its sheltering bough ;

But not a vestige does remain

Of that poor dwelling now.

“ Along the mossy glen where strays
Yon little warbling rill,
Two youths have wander'd all day long ;
And oft, at evening still,
They've rested 'mong the brackens green,
Watching yon silver star,
That sweetly o'er the dim blue hill
Comes peeping from afar.

“ One was a thoughtful, silent boy,
And well he lov'd his book ;
And many a time for hours would sit
Within some shelter'd nook,
Reading the tales of olden times ;
And often seem'd the day,
When on his lonely wanderings,
To fly too swift away.

“ The other was of sullen mood :
The inmates of that cot
For him have shed the bitter tear—
But it is all forgot :
And when the Sabbath evening came,
When rose the heart-felt prayer,
Within that little silent room,
He still was absent there.

“ And ere he came to man’s estate,
He left that peaceful spot ;
But where he fled no one could tell—
By all he was forgot,
Save by the hearts that yearn’d at home :
Oh ! many a dreary day
In pining sorrow did they sigh
For him that was away.

“ His brother went beyond the sea,
With the intent to come
(If fortune e’er should prove his friend),
Back to his humble home—
Back to his native hills again,
At home, to rest him there,
Before old age, now stealing fast,
Had thinn’d his father’s hair.

“ Oh ! there were sad and heavy hearts
The eve he went away—
They watch’d the bark with straining sight,
O’er the dark waves of the bay ;
And when they sat by the cheerless hearth,
The bitter tears fell fast ;
For something said, on him they lov’d
That they had look’d their last.

“Aye ! ’twas too true ; for sickness came,
And poverty beside ;
And ere one year had glided by,
All in that cot had died :
But their woes are all forgotten now—
Cold is their silent bed ;
Yet their names are breathed to the wandering winds,
And for them the tear is shed.

Years roll’d away—oh ! never more
Within this peaceful glen,
At twilight’s soft and silent hour,
Their songs were heard again.
The nettle and the rank grass grew
Unheeded round the shed,
And the hearth was cold, where blithely once
The swift-wing’d hours had fled.

“Years roll’d away ; but where was he—
The wild, the sullen one?—
Oh ! he had fled far from the spot
Where his father’s name was known ;
And he had leagued with lawless men—
A desperate band were they,
That loved to hear the traveller’s tread
Upon the lonely way.

“Oh! they were wild and cruel men—

They loved the still, dark night,
And many a horrid deed they’ve done,
Before the morning’s light;
And when that hour came stealing on,
They hastened all to meet
In some deep glen or gloomy wood,
In their lone and dark retreat.—

“He was the leader of the band.

One dreary winter’s night,
With scarce a star above his head,
His lonely path to light;—
It was a wild and gloomy night—
The wind blew cold and shrill,
As with a firm and hasty step
He cross’d the heathy hill;

“And many a weary mile he went,

And many a lone spot pass’d,
Till on the way he heard the sound
Of coming feet at last:
He hid behind a sheltering tree—
His keen and searching eye
With eager gaze was fix’d upon
The traveller coming nigh.

“ And soon he came, with weary step,
Nigh to his lurking foe ;
O for an arm at that dark hour
To ward the deadly blow !
Uprais’d the long and glittering knife
He sees, with horror’s start—
Next instant, with unerring aim,
’Twas buried in his heart !

“ He faintly called for mercy—but
The fatal deed was done ;
And fast did flow the life-blood warm
Of that ill-fated one :
Remorse—that ever comes too late
To turn the steel aside—
Smote suddenly the murderer’s soul,
And his eye roll’d wild and wide ;—

“ For, oh ! it was a well-known voice—
A voice he loved to hear
Long years ago, on the beathy hill,
At summer evening clear ;
And he who many a time had been
His playmate on the lea,
Lay murder’d by a brother’s hand,
Beneath the lonely tree !

“ Aye ! he had braved the stormy sea,
And many a land had seen,
Since last upon his native heath
His wandering foot had been :
But he sleeps with those he loved most dear—
While he, the murderer, still
Does linger with a painful heart
Beside this quiet hill.

“ You start, boy, and your cheek grows pale !
Now to my words take heed ;—
Look on *that* old and withered hand—
The hand that did the deed !
Nay, fly me not ! I would not harm
One lock on that fair brow ;
For I am but a frail old man,
And my heart is alter’d now.

“ Come nigh me, boy ! thou art the first
To whom I’ve breathed the tale ;
But I’ve told it on my cheerless path,
At midnight, to the gale ;—
And now my heart does lighter seem,
Since I have told it thee ;
But, oh ! let not my falt’ring words
Rest in thy memory.

“ And many a dreary night I’ve spent,
And many a joyless day,
And my heart has throbbed with agony—
And still I dare not pray :
But I *have* pray’d to Him who sees
Each deed of good and ill,
And I will bend my knee once more,
On this green, lonely hill.

“ Kneel by my side, oh ! kneel, dear boy,
Down on that flow’ry sod,
And breathe for him that’s by your side
An earnest prayer to God ;
For, oh ! thy heart is young and pure,
Thy prayer with mine may rise
To the Almighty One who reigns
Beyond yon cloudless skies.”

S T A N Z A S.

I LOVE the lone shore when the winds are asleep,
And the moonbeams are bright on the breast of the deep,
When the bark's snowy sail fades away from the sight,
And the sea-bird's wild scream breaks the silence of night.

I love to contemplate the blue, starry sky,
When the moon from the dark hill is rising on high—
When she sheds her pale light on the fast-rolling flood,
And silvers the dew on each opening bud.

Then I roam by the side of the murmuring sea,
And in fancy I hear the sea-maiden's wild glee,
As she sits on a rock on some far distant shore,
And chaunts to the sound of the mariner's oar.

And when the breeze wafts to me music's soft swell,
How I love on its last dying cadence to dwell !
It thrills to my heart like a wild fairy strain,
And I wish the sweet sound may awaken again !

MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

OH ! meet me in the mossy dell
To-night, beside the crystal well,
When the fair moon's uncertain light
Is dancing on its waters bright.

And when you sing the gentle strain,
And touch the trembling chords again,
May every breeze be hush'd, that I
May hear the melting accents die !

Again the wreath I'll twine for thee,
Beneath the drooping willow tree,
When shines in the blue arch above,
Through fleecy clouds, the star of love.

Oh ! often in the twilight I
Have mused upon the days gone by,
And dwelt on every word that fell
From thy sweet lips, my ISABEL !

And when upon the trackless sea,
In fancy I have roam'd to thee,
And seen thee lovely as the flower
That blooms untouch'd by storm and shower.

I've seen, dear maid, when none were nigh,
The tear-drop in thy soft black eye ;
Then came the sweet, the pleasing thought,
That I had never been forgot.

Meet me to-night—we'll wander where
The wild rose scents the balmy air,
When every dew-drop on the leaves
The zephyr's gentlest kiss receives.

And I will tell thee of the land
Where softly o'er the golden sand
Clear streamlets glide, and every gale
Breathes perfume through the sunny vale ;—

Where joyfully the bulbul roves,
The whole day long, through waving groves ;
And flow'rets, underneath each tree,
Their odours breathe deliciously.

Oft, as I lay beneath the shade
The wild vine with the myrtle made,
I've thought upon the leafy bower
Where we have spent the twilight hour.

Then meet me in the mossy dell
To-night, beside the crystal well,
When the fair moon's uncertain light
Is dancing on its waters bright.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

THE low winds of Summer
Breathe soft o'er his brow,
As alone he reclines
'Neath the white-blossom'd bough :
He looks on the sun,
As he sinks to his rest,
'Mong the bright floating clouds
Of the far-glowing West.

His rifle lies near,
As if carelessly thrown
From his hand, while he thinks
Of the days that are gone,
When his fathers rejoiced
In the chase and the war,
As they roam'd in their might
O'er the desert afar.

“ But where are those bold,
Artful warriors now ?—
Like the red leaves in Autumn
That fell from the bough,

All have perish'd and gone,
 Whilst alone I remain,
To lament o'er the fate
 Of the fallen in vain.

“ And *he*, too, has fought
 His last battle, whose pride
Was to roam through the forest,
 And fight by my side :
He has gone to his rest !—
 The green waves of the lake
May murmur in vain—
 He will never awake ;—

“ For far 'neath its waters,
 So still and so deep,
In the pride of his youth
 The bold hunter's asleep :
And, the last of my race,
 Now I wander alone
Through the woods of the stranger,
 That should be mine own.

“ Yes—alone I remain ;
 But, methinks, I know well
Whose hand rais'd the rifle
 That day when he fell ;

And the long-wished-for moment's
Not distant, when I
On the mountain or plain
Will revenge him—or die !

The warrior smiles—
But his aspect is fierce ;
And his eye seems the gloom
Of the forest to pierce ;—
His rifle's still lying
Untouched by his side ;
He scarce seems to breathe,
Yet his nostril is wide.

Quick and keen are the glances
He's darting around—
What disturbs him ?—Perhaps
'Tis the stream's lulling sound,
Or the wing of the wild-bird
Away that has fled,
From her rest 'mid the green boughs
That wave o'er his head.

And now his dark form
Is no where to be seen,
Among the long grass
Where it lately has been :

All is lonely and still,
Save the moan of the breeze,
At intervals heard
Through the dark-waving trees.

But, see ! through the gloom
There's a flash of red light,
And a sharp-ringing sound
Breaks the silence of night !
The echo replies
From some far-distant glen,
And all in the forest
Is silent again.

Now the fierce yell of triumph
Is mixed with the blast—
He has wreak'd his revenge
On the foeman at last !
More true to its aim
Never bullet had sped,
For now at his feet
He lies bleeding and dead !

TO MARGARET.

WILT thou remember, when I'm far away,
The hours we've spent beneath the waving tree?
Say, wilt thou e'er a lonely visit pay
To the green bower that once was loved by thee?
Or wilt thou all forget?—That cannot be;
For at the twilight hour, by fancy led,
You'll rove again where oft you've been with me;
And when the leaves are whispering o'er your head,
You'll think upon the days that have for ever fled.

Thy youthful heart has never yet known care—
Long, long in peaceful rest may it remain!
But mine, methinks, has had an ample share—
'Twill ne'er be light and free as thine again:
My only joyous time, dear maid, is when
Through glen and grove I wander by thy side;
What for the scornful world, oh! care I then?
Time on his swiftest wings then seems to glide,
And every painful thought within my heart has died.

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.—SCOTT.

FROM the camp of the warriors
Far have I sped,
To linger a while
By thy grass-cover'd bed ;
To hear the light winds
Of the wilderness sigh
O'er the grave where my first
And my bravest does lie !

The pride of thy home,
Thou art slumbering now ;
Yet the summers are few
That have beam'd on thy brow :
Through the forest you hasten'd,
With arrow and spear,
O'er the paths of your fathers,
To hunt the wild deer.

Sleep on !—the rude blast
Of the desert no more
Shall awake thee at midnight
Again with its roar.
Sleep on in thy loneliness !—
Never again
Wilt thou join in the war-shout
And combat of men !

I sought for thee long,
When the tempest was past ;
For, methought, there was wailing
And woe on the blast ;—
And thy mother was sad,
As she bade thee adieu,
When the dark-waving woods
Hid thy form from her view.

I found thee at last,
In the woods of the foe ;
And the life-blood, yet warm,
From thy bosom did flow ;
On thy face the pale moonbeams
At intervals shone ;
But the light from thy keen eye
For ever was gone.

At eve, I will hear
Thy loved voice on the gale,
When softly it kisses
Each stream of the vale :
As I roam o'er the hills,
Thy dim form will flit by,
And point to its home,
In yon glorious sky.

TO A * * * D * * *.

BEFORE again the Sabbath bell

Has rung, thou wilt be far away,
Amid the scenes thou lov'st so well,

To mingle with the young and gay.
Wilt thou forget we've ever met,

At the calm, peaceful hour of eve?—
Will the soft sigh, for days gone by,
Thy gentle bosom ever heave?

But, no!—that will not be; thy thought

To this green hill may never stray;
The hours we've spent will be forgot—

Hours that too soon have pass'd away :
Oh ! may thy breast in peace still rest,
And care and sorrow never know ;
Thy happiness would ne'er be less,
If my fond wish could have it so.

T O M A R Y.



FORGET thee!—oh! that ne'er can be;
For, let me roam where'er I will,
The thoughts, dear maid, of love and thee
Will linger still.

When from my native vale I've gone,
To other lands far o'er the sea,
How sweet to think that there is one
Who cares for me!

Years may roll by before we meet
By this green, sunny hill again;
But will thy heart as fondly beat
For * * * then?

Remember me when Summer's breath
Among the boughs invites thy stay—
When dewy leaves are dancing 'neath
The moonlight ray.

Oh ! what can cheer the lonely heart,
When youth's sweet visions all have flown ?
If aught a solace can impart,
 'Tis love alone :

For there's a nameless charm in love,
That poet's pen can ne'er pourtray—
That from the heart, where'er we rove,
 Ne'er fades away.

EARLY DAYS.

I have walk'd the world for four-score years,
And they say that I am old.—WILLIS.

IN this weary world I've wander'd long,
And I care not when I die ;
The lightsome time I spent when young,
Has long, long since flown by :
I'm old and frail, and I know it well ;—
These locks so thin and grey—
These eyes, now almost sightless—tell
That I'm wearing fast away.

And like a dream my days have pass'd—
But, oh ! that joyous time,
Ere the morn of life was overcast,
Or my soul was stained with crime—
That time in memory has been kept,
For blighting care and sin
Not then had broke the peace that slept
My cheerful heart within.

How oft, at close of Summer day,
I've sought, when free from school,
Among the verdant braes away,
Retreats both lone and cool !
And where the bubbling rill ran bright,
The dewy flow'rs between,
I've linger'd till the shades of night
Fell o'er the lovely scene.

And I have felt soft slumber creep
Over my spirit then ;—
Oh ! how I wish from that sweet sleep
I ne'er had woke again !
For sin came with revolving years,
And my heart was turned to stone ;
And the deeds that now cause burning tears,
Had all been left undone.

My native glen, still dear to me !
Before these old eyes close—
Ere sets the light of memory
In that long and deep repose—
I fain would wander back to see
Thy dewy, whisp'ring shade,
To the Summer breezes waving free,
In its loveliest garb array'd.

I will leave the world without regret—

For all that in life's noon

I dearly lov'd, with death have met,

And I shall follow soon.

In the hidden grave there's peace at last ;—

This fever of the brain,

This painful memory of the past,

Will be forgotten then.

THE DYING MOTHER.

OH ! take me from this lone dark room,
For my heart is sinking now ;
Let me feel the breath of the balmy breeze,
Once more, on my burning brow ;—
Let me look again on the verdant fields,
At the calm of even's hour,
And hear the voice of the happy birds,
As they stray through the leafy bower.

Oh ! let me gaze on the vault of blue,
Ere I have breathed my last ;
And let the sound of wailing cease,
Till my suff'rings all are past :
Oh ! raise for me the low-breathed prayer,
And chaunt the softest hymn ;
For my life is ebbing fast away,
And my straining eyes grow dim.

I will rest me with the silent dead,
Ere the morning dawns again ;
For I feel the icy chill of death
Stealing through every vein.

I'll be forgot by the careless world,
Ere the leaves fall from the tree;
And none will seek the lonely spot
Where I sleep, my son—save thee.

Kneel by my side, and let me rest
My hand on thy youthful brow;
Kneel by my side, and, oh! receive
A mother's blessing now!
And wheresoe'er on earth you roam,
In sorrow or in glee,
Remember that a mother breathed
Her latest prayer for thee!

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

OH ! when the young moon sweetly smiles
Upon the dark-blue sea,
As round yon little wave-worn isles
Thy bark glides swift and free ;
Does e'er thy thought delight to dwell,
Upon the lone, sequester'd dell,
Where zephyrs fan, with gentlest wing,
The waters of the haunted spring ?

Say, dost thou mind the Summer eve
We met, in yon green bower—
The lonely spot we could not leave,
Till it was midnight hour ?
And when the waters laved our feet,
The music woke so low and sweet !
And we were bound as by a spell,
Beneath the leaves in that wild dell.

We loved to linger there alone,
When twilight veil'd the sky—
When mortals to their rest had gone,
There sat we silently.

And when the soft wind scarcely stirr'd
The light down on the sleeping bird,
We've seen—but, oh ! we may not tell—
The secrets of that lonely dell !

Those days are past—it may be long
Ere there again we meet,
Or hear the siren's gentle song
Rise from the fount so sweet !
You left your own, your native vale,
And when I saw the distant sail
Far o'er the wave, the tear was shed
For happier hours, for ever fled !

THE GIPSEY KING.

If it feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.—SHAKSPEARE.

PUSH round the can, my merry mates,
And let your hearts be light !
Away with care !—the liquor's good,
And the faggot's burning bright :
Push round the can ! I've wander'd far,
Since last I met you here ;
But my foot was not upon the path
Where crouch the timid deer.

No ! I had nobler game in view—
And well I kept the trail ;
Come, sit beside me closer yet,
And hearken to my tale ;
For all within the wood is still,
And on the merry eyes
Of each sweet girl in yonder tents,
Soft slumber lightly lies.

One day, some twenty years ago—
 (I was a younker then)—
I fell asleep among the weeds,
 Down in the saugh-tree glen :
O'er many a wild since morning's dawn
 I had been wandering,
And faint and weary there I lay,
 A poor neglected thing.

Oft from their doors the rich that day
 Had spurn'd the gipsey boy ;
My ragged coat and care-worn face
 Did seem to give them joy !
I turn'd with bursting heart away—
 The shelter of a tree,
The berries on the mountain wild,
 They could not keep from me.

I started, as I lay in sleep,
 Upon the dewy ground ;
For on the breeze methought I heard
 The baying of a hound :
I closer crept among the weeds,
 Like a deer within his den,
And soon the dog, with stifled growl,
 Came bounding up the glen.

He snuff'd the air, and twice or thrice
Crawl'd round my hiding-place—
Among the rank grass where I lay,
With fear I hid my face !
But some one whistled down the glen,
And soon a voice I heard,
And with reluctance from my side
The dog crept at the word :

I saw him at his master's feet,
Who patted oft his neck ;
And with a low heart-rending growl
He soon came bounding back !
He seiz'd me—oh ! the agony
Of that dark moment still
In fancy steals upon my heart,
Let me go where'er I will !

Look at the scars upon this arm !—
In mind they still have kept
The deep revenge that I had sworn—
That never since has slept.
Aye ! many a sleepless night I spent
In plotting to destroy
The fiend who could with laughter look
On a poor mangled boy.

I gazed upon his face—there was
A devil in his eye !
It seem'd to glad his harden'd soul
To hear my bitter cry !
The winds of thirteen summers then
Had not breathed on my brow ;
My arm was weak—this blade can tell
'Tis not so nerveless now.

He left his native land ; in dreams
I've thought he had return'd ;
And then I've felt a thrill of joy—
The heart within me burn'd !
In fancy I have press'd the knife
Close to my hated foe ;
But something still withheld my hand,
And I could not deal the blow.

I heard he had return'd ; on earth
Nought could my purpose change ;
For often had I fear'd that death
Would baffle my revenge :
With lightsome heart, as daylight died,
I left the gay green wood,
And by the calm lake's silent shore
At dawn of morn I stood.

I was aware that he must cross
That lake's bright waters o'er,
Ere he could gain the home where he
Had dwelt so long of yore :
Oh ! how I wished that night o'er earth
Her sable wing would spread,
Ere on the lonely pebbled beach
I'd hear his coming tread !

I tore my shallop from the sedge—
My arm was nerved and strong—
And dashing through the silvery foam
She lightly danced along ;
Night fell—he came, I saw him stand
Alone upon the shore !
A tremor stole along my frame,
I ne'er had felt before ;

And as a fisherman disguised,
I soon with him agreed,
To row him to the pine-tree grove,
Across the lake with speed ;
And soon we were alone upon
The waters calm and deep—
The caverns 'neath the sluggish waves
Their secrets long shall keep :—

We were alone, and stealthily
I gazed upon him there ;
Age o'er his form had pass'd his hand,
And mark'd his brow with care.—
We were alone—the yellow moon
Peep'd from the distant hill,
As if she were afraid to look
Upon a deed of ill.

But pity for a moment then
Ne'er visited my breast :
Were the thoughts of many a bitter hour
At once to sink to rest ?—
Was the revenge for which I yearn'd
At once to be forgot ?
Oh ! 'twould have been too much !—away
With such a dastard thought !

He spoke of other times—but home
He'll never see again ;
Now look ye on this trusty knife—
It cleft his heart in twain !
But ere his moaning died away,
I whisper'd in his ear,
That the deed he did in the saugh-tree glen
Had cost him rather dear.

The waters o'er him calmly closed,
And in the caverns deep,
Beneath the crystal waves, he takes
His long and dreamless sleep.
Fill up the can, my merry mates !
Regret would now be vain ;
But listen !—I would give my life
To do the deed again !

THE NIGHT WANDERER.

OH ! the balmy Summer night for me
When the stars are bright, and the dew-drops glisten—
When music steals o'er the breezy lea,
And none but the wanderer's near to listen !
Then swift and noiseless is my tread,
By the dying notes still onward led,
O'er hill and dale, by grove and glen,
Far, far from the haunts of care-worn men.

Where the silver stream by Woodburn glides,
Oh ! that is the spot I love most dear ;
For the alder with its green leaves hides
The water beneath that's bubbling clear.
There softest the echo gives response
To the thrilling notes as the fairies dance ;
And the dewy flowers beneath their feet
Fill the balmy air with their perfume sweet.

I have linger'd there till the stars grew dim
In the fields of blue, at the breath of dawn ;
And I've drank from the clear well's sedgy brim,
Ere the moon behind the hill had gone :

Aye! just as her last rays silvery fell
On the charmed waters of that well,
I've drank a draught both sweet and clear,
Than the rosiest wine to me more dear.

For he that drinks of its waters sweet,
Does love to roam in the moonlight clear,
Through lonely glens, with footsteps fleet,
With lightsome heart and with list'ning ear;
For he sees what others can never see,
And voices he hears 'neath the greenwood tree;
But the secret safe in his heart he'll keep,
Of what is astir when the world's asleep.

There's an old tree grows near the waterfall,
And a darksome cave is by its side;
From thence I have heard low voices call,
When the wind down that lone glen had died;—
I have heard strange laughter in that cave,
When mournfully the river wave
Sigh'd through its dark retreats away,
Where never have fallen the beams of day.

Now I'll hie o'er the Knockagh braes away,
For the day has died, and the dew is bright:
Oh! I hate the ling'ring hours of day,
For dear to my spirit's the long hush'd night!

And I'll blithely sing the wanderer's song,
By each loved spot as I stray along;
And joy will live in my heart to-night,
For 'tis long till the coming of morning's light.

S T A N Z A S .

Go, gentle gale!—for, oh! the time seems dreary
Since from my native glen I roved away;
Oh! haste away—for now the ocean's weary
With its wild heaving since the dawn of day.

Stir not its dark-green waters while thou'rt hieing,
Noiseless and swift, along its bosom wide;
Nor stop till in my own dear glen thou'rt sighing,
Where 'mid the broom the wizard stream does glide.

Oh! linger there; for when the moon shines clearly,
And bright's the dew upon each drooping flow'r,
The gentle maiden whom I love so dearly
Will wander out alone at that sweet hour.

And while the odours of each opening blossom
Are on thy wings, oh ! fly to where she strays ;
And as you gently breathe upon her bosom,
With that soft sigh she'll think of other days.

O that thy gentle whisp'rings may awaken
Thoughts of the happy hours long since gone by !
Tell her that joy has long ere this forsaken
The heart that once did beat so happily.

Oh ! say that even among the gay I'm lonely—
That eve's sweet hour has now no charms for me,
And happiness comes for the moment only,
When fancy bears me far across the sea.

But when the balmy winds of Spring are blowing,
And sunbeams laugh upon the restless main—
When each sweet bird his gentle mate is wooing—
I'll seek my lassie o'er the waves again.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKE.

THE lonely wild-bird is asleep
Upon the broad and placid deep,
Resting a while his weary wing,
After a day of wandering.

How softly do the breezes sigh
Around him, as they wander by—
Kissing the light down on his breast,
And gently lulling him to rest!

Seest thou yon barque with snowy sail
Outspread before the dying gale,
Cutting so still and noiseless now
The moonlit waters with her prow?—

She's gliding through the mist that floats
To-night along the sleeping lake;
And, oh! what soft and silvery notes
Upon the raptur'd ear awake!

'Tis Reuben's barque : at fall of night
I've often listen'd with delight
Music's soft-stealing, dying tone,
As on this bank I sat alone.

In days of old, I've heard it said,
Young Reuben loved a gentle maid,
Of rosy cheek and melting eye,
Who dwelt yon grove of palm-trees nigh.

Oh, yes ! he loved her long and well,
And far more dear than tongue can tell ;
And o'er the lake as evening fell,
He'd fly to meet his Isabel.

And she would listen, as she stray'd
Alone beneath the greenwood's shade,
His flute's soft breathings as they died
Away, far o'er the lucid tide.

And often would the maiden fear
What might befall her minstrel dear,
As o'er the lake, at midnight, he
Would guide his barque so fearlessly.

One night, o'er yonder azure sky
The clouds of storm had gather'd dark—
The winds blew wild—the waves roll'd high :
Where then was Reuben's daring barque ?

Upon the wave!—and o'er his head
The clouds the lurid lightning shed;
But vain were all his efforts then—
He never saw his home again!

And oft as by the lonely shore
She stray'd, her eye would wander o'er
The murmuring waters, and a tear
Would fall to Reuben's memory dear.

She sleeps in peace, and o'er her grave
The palm-trees with the breezes wave;
And there the wild birds love to sing,
Among the green leaves in the Spring.

Oh! 'tis a lovely spot!—and I
At twilight often linger nigh,
When Summer zephyrs hum their song
To their sweetheart flow'rets, all day long.

And when the night is in its noon,
And on the waters, calm and green,
Is smiling sweet the silver moon,
The Spirit of the Lake is seen.

OH! COME WITH ME.

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'twere pain
To break its links so soon.—MOORE.

OH! come with me
To the moonlight lea,
For the odours are sweet on the zephyr's wings;
And his plaintive tune
To the empress moon,
'Mong the leaves of the alder the night-bird sings.

All is hush'd and still,
Save, from the hill,
We may hear the low moan of the distant wave;
And the breeze has died
On the crystal tide,
And the mermaid's asleep in her coral cave.

Oh! fair to the sight
Is the vale to-night,
And brighter than gems are the drops of dew,

That hang on each flow'r
That loves at this hour
Its form in the rill's tiny waves to view.

Oh, come! we'll rove
Where the pine-tree grove
Is waving so dark to the Summer air;
And by thy side,
The time will glide
As if I had never on earth known care.

Then haste, dear maid!
For the greenwood's shade
Is fairer to me than this gaudy scene;
And thy words so low
Like a spell will flow
O'er my heart, as we sit 'neath the leaves so green.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

HASTE, sister ! haste !—for the waning moon
Will set behind yon blue hill soon,
And we must speed far, far away,
By vale and hill, ere the dawn of day !

Steal soft—for I know by their breathing deep,
That these care-worn mortals soundly sleep;
And visions sweet steal o'er their brain,
Of moments that ne'er can come again.

Now away, away o'er the breezy lea,
With our hearts from every care so free,
We will swiftly speed to the hazel glen—
To haunts that have never been seen by men.

Our step is light, and will ne'er awake
The deer that's asleep in the tangled brake ;
And scarce the dew of the waving grass,
We'll shake from the blade as we swiftly pass.

If the moon have set, we may linger here,—
For we must be there while her light so clear
Is silv'ring the foam of the gurgling rill,
Where it breaks from its fount on the lone green hill.

If we gain the arch of the broken bridge
Ere the angry waters rush past its edge,
Or the owl that rests in the ivy there
Has sent forth his cry on the midnight air ;

We will see the sprite of the grey-hair'd man,
As it steals from the arch in the moonlight wan,
To the spot where his murderer plunged him deep
In the darksome pool where the waters sleep.

When the river is high, and the deep red flood
Sweeps past the bridge in its angriest mood,
That pool is calm as the crystal well
That wild-flow'rs shade in the lonely dell.

For it lies not in the river's course,
Where the flood sweeps on with giant force ;
But 'tis fed by the tiny streams that fall
From the mossy rock near the ruin'd wall.

And now we're abroad in the moonlight clear,
And my foot's on the heath that it loves most dear ;

And I hear the call that invites us again
To our secret cave in the distant glen.

But that stormy night I can ne'er forget,
And, methinks, I see that old man yet,
When his thin grey hair stream'd on the blast,
And his dying look was upward cast.

Oh! he must have had a heart of stone,
Who could hear unmoved his dying groan!
And noiseless and swift we glided by,
When that old man lay in his agony.

We sat on the ruin'd arch, and there
For a moment saw, by the lightning's glare,
The spot where his fiend-like murderer stood—
His hands still red with his victim's blood!

And strange and deep were the oaths he swore,
O'er the rugged path as the corpse he bore;
And his look was wild, as the waters red
Closed calmly over the silent dead.

Then away, away, on the wings of the wind,
We left the old bridge far behind,

And sought the spot where his aged mate
By the dying embers so lonely sat.

And she bent her head upon her knee,
And listen'd the moan of the restless sea ;
And her heart beat quick, as she heard the cry
Of the owl on the blast, as he wander'd by.

Then her spirits sank, and she knew not why,
As she listen'd the storm that was howling by ;
And a nameless dread, ne'er felt before,
That moment her heart came stealing o'er :

And by her side as we linger'd there,
We heard her breathe an earnest prayer,
To Him whom the winds and waves obey,
To be his guide on the lonely way.

And then to the silent room she crept,
And sat by her Mary's bed, and wept,
And kiss'd those lips where the sweet smiles play'd—
For bright were the dreams of the sleeping maid :

And we thought how soon the tears would flow
O'er the fair soft cheek in silent woe—

How Misery soon would be a guest,
From morn till night, in that joyous breast !

But we were away 'neath the trysting oak,
Ere from that pleasing dream she woke ;
Yet still, in the midst of our revels there,
My thoughts were away with that maiden fair.

But haste, and we'll gain the streamlet yet,
On the green hill's side, ere the moon has set,
Where oft we meet when the twilight grey
Awakes from the lap of the dying day.

TO A FRIEND.

“ There can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne !”

OH ! sweet was the time when together we hied
O'er the braes of the Knockagh, with spaniel and gun—
When weary returning, we rested beside
The well in the glen at the set of the sun ;—

There, reclin'd on the sweet-blooming heather, we've
laugh'd
At the pranks we have play'd with our comrades so true ;
And we've pledg'd them again and again, as we quaff'd,
From the horn where it sparkled, the bright mountain-
dew.

Then we talk'd of our loves, and we rais'd the gay song,
And the hearts in our bosoms were merry and light ;
And the sweet spot we ne'er thought of leaving, till long
In the blue arch had wander'd the queen of the night.

And oft, on the tide when her silv'ry rays fell,
In our light barque we've skimm'd from the shore far
away ;
And no one, I ween, in White-Abbey could tell
Where our "Sea-nymph" was moor'd at the dawn of
the day !

I can almost imagine I'm guiding her yet,
O'er the waters away as she's bounding so free ;
But never again shall her white sail be set
To the soft Summer breeze, as it wakes on the sea.
My spirit will never be light as 'twas then ;
But methinks that, if ought could delight it on earth,
Twould be this, my dear F——, once to meet you
again,
And talk of old times o'er a glass by the hearth ;—
And with thee to drink deep to the memory of those
Who oft in life's morning have roam'd by our side—
Who have pillow'd their heads in the grave's calm repose,
And the tumults and tempests of life long defied.

MENIE SOMERVILLE.—A BALLAD.

We gazed into each other's face,
But too much bless'd for laughter :
I was a happy man that day,
And happy ever after.—SCOTTISH STUDENT.

MY MENIE dear ! at thy loved name
My bosom thrills with joy,
And well I know that time can ne'er
Love's first sweet dream destroy.
When Winter's in his wildest mood,
When the green leaves deck the tree,
My hours all pass delightfully,
For Menie dwells with me.

Oh ! well I mind the Summer morn,
That down the silvery tide,
With gaudy streamers drest, I saw
The stately vessel glide ;
And many a heart was breaking there,
And many a salt tear fell,
When to the friends upon the beach
Was sigh'd a last farewell.

But mine did throb with agony,
When 'mong that grief-worn crew,
The maiden whom I long had loved—
My Menie—met my view :
My brain did reel—I could not tell
How that dark hour flew by—
I breathed her name, but could not hear
Her sweet voice in reply.

I saw her dry the bitter tears
That fell both warm and fast,
When on her father's breast reclin'd,
That day I saw her last :
I turn'd me from the sneering crowd—
The world was dead to me,
When my sweet Menie Somerville
Was on the faithless sea.

Her father was of spirit proud,
But fortune had proved shy,
And long his poverty he hid
From the cold world's scornful eye :
He left his native land to seek,
Or far Columbia's shore,
A happier home than that where he
Had dwelt so long of yore.

Dear to my heart is each wild spot
That humble dwelling round—
The cool shade of the palm-tree grove,
The stream, whose murmuring sound
Has often lull'd my Menie,
As she lay in soft repose
Beside me, 'mong the yellow broom,
At Summer evening's close.

Oh ! she was all in life to me !
I dreamt of her alone ;
She seem'd a light to cheer my path—
A bright, a lovely one !
And never did a heart more blithe
Within a bosom beat,
Than mine, whene'er I saw her form,
Or heard her voice so sweet.

But many a league did lie between
My native land and me,
Before again the Autumn winds
Blew o'er the deep salt sea
And when upon the Western land
My weary steps I turn'd,
I could not tell in what lone spot
My gentle one sojourn'd.

And many a dreary day did pass—

I've mingled with the crowd

In the gay city, when the voice

Of revelry was loud:

I've seen the merry dance at eve,

When met the maidens fair;

But carelessly I turn'd away—

For Menie was not there.

In dreams I've wander'd by her side,

Far in the forest lone;

And my heart was joyous, when I heard

Her voice's silvery tone—

And earnestly beside me

Did I urge her still to stay,

As, smiling sadly, on her path

She turn'd from me away.

One Summer eve—I mind it well—

As by the old wood's side,

Pondering on days for ever fled,

With weary steps I hied,

I saw the blue smoke from a hut

Rise on the sultry air—

I hasten'd joyful, for I hoped

Awhile to rest me there.

I gain'd the door—that moment ne'er
From memory can fade!—
Upon an humble pallet there
A dying man was laid;
Beside him sat a lovely girl—
The crystal drops that fell
Adown her cheek so fair and pale,
Her heart's deep woe did tell!

'Twas Menie!—wildly beat my heart,
As in my arms she lay,
When from her faintly-blushing cheek
I kiss'd the tears away!—
In sweetly-murmur'd words she said,
“And hast thou come at last,
To watch with me beside his bed,
Ere death's dark hour has pass'd?”

Her dying father gazed on us,
His lips did move in prayer—
He stretch'd to us his feeble hand,
As we were kneeling there.
“Protect my child!” he faintly said;
“Guard her from every ill—
And may the God who rules above
Shield and watch o'er you still!”

Though many a year has pass'd since then,
It seems but as a day
Since from the forest-shade we turn'd,
With heavy hearts, away!
We sought green Erin once again—
We reach'd the lovely spot,
That in our cheerless wanderings
Had never been forgot :

And now beside our cottage door
We rest us in the sun ;
Around us sport our merry boys—
The youngest, sweetest one
Climbs on my knee, and lisps my name,
With all his noisy glee :
Oh ! there are none in this wide land
Who live more blest than we !

THE DESERTED HOME.



AWAY through the forest,
So gloomy and lone,
To the home of his fathers
The wanderer has gone :
To light his dark path
Not a star's in the sky ;
And he hears on the blast
The hyæna's wild cry :
But he heeds not the tempest that raves o'er his head,
For he thinks on the days that for ever have fled.

He thinks of the maiden
With whom he has stray'd,
At sunset, beneath
The tall maple's green shade.
But away 'mid the isles
Of the ocean he's been ;
And years have roll'd by—
Since his home he has seen :
And unfeeling and callous his bosom must be,
Who yearns not the home of his childhood to see.

He remembers the song
That she sung to him, when
They wander'd, at twilight,
Alone through the glen ;—
The vows that were plighted,
Beneath the green tree—
The tears shed at parting,
Beside the blue sea—

All—all he remembers—his bosom beats high,
As he thinks the loved home of his fathers is nigh.

But louder and louder
The tempest is raving—
The dark forest-boughs
With the wild winds are waving ;
The gleam of the lightning
Now lights up his path—
But he fears not, he heeds not,
The elements' wrath ;

For far o'er the foam of the ocean he's come,
To rest him awhile from his wand'rings at home.

And weary and worn,
He has reach'd it at last ;
But that home is a ruin—
The cold wintry blast
Is howling around it :
In vain he may call

Upon each beloved name—
From the mouldering wall
The scream of the night-bird now only replies,
As away through the gloom of the forest he flies.

Is there no one to welcome
The wanderer now ?—
Has the cold hand of death
Pass'd o'er each sunny brow ?
Where, where are those loved ones,
So happy and gay,
Who could make the dull moments
Pass lightly away—
Who could 'wake the sweet song, who could cheer him
with mirth ?—
All have fled—and he sits by the desolate hearth.

For those voices are hush'd—
In the cedar's dark shade,
All he loved upon earth
In their cold graves are laid ;
At the dawn of the morning
No more they'll awake—
For the tempest, when loudest,
Their slumbers can't break.
He is gone !—o'er his pale cheek the burning tears fell,
As he bade the loved scenes of his boyhood farewell.

THE RETURN.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends

For all the long years I've been wand'ring away?—MOORE.

OH ! never will this sad heart beat again

As gay and free as it has done of yore !

Mine eye now loves to wander o'er the main,

When wild it heaves beneath the wintry roar :

Those calm and peaceful days will come no more—

My thoughts are with him, where he wanders lone

By the bleak hill and by the desert shore ;

My prayers at noon, and at the set of sun,

Are for the dearly loved, though long, long absent one.

But something whispers he will never come,

To kiss once more his Mary's faded cheek :

How cheerless seems that once so happy home !

And this wild spot at nightfall still I seek,—

For to the moaning waves I love to speak,

And ask what tidings of the youth they bore

Upon their foaming crests.—Oh ! soon will break

The heart that beat so happily, before

He left his own loved vale to seek a foreign shore.

When evening comes, the sweet, the lively lay,
To cheer me by the hearth, is sung in vain ;
It minds me of the days that are away—
The joys that ne'er on earth can come again ;
And o'er my cheek the tear-drops fall like rain,
And balmy sleep has from my pillow fled,
And burning thoughts rush wildly o'er my brain,
Painting him stretch'd on his cold forest bed,
Or sleeping 'neath the waves, among the nameless dead.

He left his own, his much-loved native vale,
To seek for riches o'er the waters wide :
How oft I've listen'd to his flattering tale,
As blithe we wander'd by the green burn side !
He said I'd be his young and bonny bride,
When he returned from far across the sea :
How sweetly then the moments seem'd to glide !
Oh, yes ! how sweet !—from every sorrow free,
My young heart bounded then—but now that ne'er can be.

Oh ! how I'd love to see his barque's white sails
Skim o'er the gleaming waves at morning's dawn !
And Summer now has brought her gentle gales,
But have they wafted back the wandering one ?
Ah, no ! and from his Mary he has gone,
And sad forebodings say he'll never come ;

But she will sleep beneath the cold grey stone,
While he is wand'ring o'er the ocean's foam,
Long, long ere he comes back to seek his once-loved home!

I've often wish'd a sea-bird wild to be,
That I might fly so fearless with the blast,
To rest when weary on the desert sea,
And sleep so sweetly when the storm was past :
My lover's wandering barque I'd find at last,
And I would nestle in his bosom warm ;
And as we skimm'd along the waves so fast,
His loved one he would shield from every harm,
And I would sweetly dream—aye, even amid the storm.

But I am left alone ; and yet deceit
In such a heart as his could never dwell ;
His words to me were ever kind and sweet,
And when upon my raptur'd ear they fell,
Beneath the leaves in that secluded dell,
I thought his Mary he would ne'er deceive ;
And oft his parting words I love to tell
To the wild waves, when hush'd at Summer eve,
And this wild spot I seek, unheard the sigh to heave.

Of the two roses twined by his dear hand,
Mine lingers still ; from his, the blooming rose

(Though by the Summer's softest breezes fann'd,
And fed with sweetest dew), the hue has fled ;
Methinks it whispers of affection dead.
Oh ! if his constancy like mine had been,
Not thus the bitter tear-drops would be shed—
Not thus heart-broken would I view each scene,
When Summer gales are soft, and dewy leaves are green.

* * * * *

'Twas eve, and Mary in her laurel bower
Sat musing on the days that long had fled ;
She loved the spot, for many a lonely hour
She sought its shade, affliction's tear to shed :
Long had she number'd him among the dead,
And often had she dreamt that he had come
Across the main, by fond affection led,
To see the friends he loved so dear at home,
And promise ne'er again the faithless sea to roam.

Her wild thoughts wander to the meadow side,
By the sweet murmuring rill where last they met :
In fancy once again the breeze has died,
And its lone watch the evening star has set—
Her cheek, as then, is with the tear-drops wet :
His cheering words, so soft and low, she hears,

And to her heart they're wildly thrilling yet ;
Though, since that hour, have pass'd long blighting years,
And still that parting scene her care-worn bosom cheers.

Oft, in her dreams, she fancies that again,
By lake, and vale, and sunny hill, they stray ;
Her bosom's pain she feels no longer then,
And every gloomy thought has pass'd away ;—
But happiness still flies with morning's ray,
And sad and cheerless seems each ling'ring hour ;
And oft, at peaceful eve, she loves to pay
A lonely visit to her silent bower,
For there fond memory still to cheer her soul has power.

She starts !—from whence that sigh ?—is it the rill's
Soft, lulling murmur, or the wind's low moan ?—
She hears a well-remember'd voice, that thrills
Wild to her heart ; the long-lamented one,
Her Edward, 's by her side !—one arm is thrown
Round her fair form—one long, long kiss—but now
The fluttering breath has from those dear lips gone !
Oh ! what were then his thoughts, as that pale brow
Lean'd gently on his breast, beneath the dewy bough ?

But with returning consciousness, she knew
That she was folded to her lover's breast;
She rais'd to his her eyes of softest blue,
And that long look undying love confess'd;
And happiness was once again a guest
In her poor faded bosom, that for years
With many a pining care had been distress'd;
But now no more shall flow those bitter tears,
For in that bower once more her Edward's voice she hears.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF V. J. M. HILL, Esq.,

2d Lancers, B. A. L.

There's a white stone placed upon your tomb—
Beneath is a soldier lying.—L. E. L.

AND thou hast sought thy place of rest,
Within the dark and silent tomb,
Far from thy native vale, while yet
Thy youth was in its bloom ;
Beside the stranger thou art laid,
Where waves the myrtle's dreary shade.

A mother watch'd not by your side,
When on that bed you dying lay ;
Alone with your sad thoughts, you pass'd
The heavy hours away :
Oh ! how you long'd once more to see
Those that were dearest still to thee !

And when your weary eyes would close
In fitful slumber, o'er the main
In fancy you would seek once more
Your much-loved home again ;

And the voices that you loved to hear,
Would steal upon your dreaming ear.

The gay, light-hearted one is gone ;
Oh ! never more in hall or bower
We'll hear thy cheerful voice, that still
 Made blithe the twilight hour ;
For thou hast sought the peaceful home,
Where care and pain can never come.

A brave and manly heart was thine ;
 For when thy war-horse o'er the slain
Dashed madly on, where foemen met
 On the red fields of Spain,
Though death was hovering on the gale,
Thy fearless heart did never quail.

The sabre never harm'd you there ;
 For when the din of battle rose
Wildly upon the passing breeze,
 You mingled with your foes,
As if a spirit guarded thee
Beneath her wing from injury.

But fell disease, with blighting breath,
 Arrested thee in thy career,

And death's dark hour you met, when far
From those that loved you dear :
Oh ! never more wilt thou return,
To glad the hearts that long shall mourn.

Oh ! never more thy heart shall yearn
To see again that home-loved band ;
The hand is cold and wither'd now
That oft has grasped this hand ;—
But long shall live thy memory,
With him who breathes this sad farewell to thee.

THE FISHER.

Macbeth.—How now ! ye secret, black, and midnight hags !
What is't ye do ?

Witches.—A deed without a name.

HE sat beside the river's brink,
Alone at day's decline,
And on the rippling water threw
With practis'd hand the line ;
And lightly the delusive fly
He dropp'd the bank beside ;
For well he knew the dark haunts where
The weary trout would hide.

He tired not of the lightsome toil,
For many a Summer day
He linger'd on the grassy bank
To while the time away :
There he had mused on her who long
Had to his heart been dear,
And softly breath'd his Ellen's name,
When none were nigh to hear.

The shades of night were gathering down,
The young moon's silver beam
Fell softly through the rustling leaves
Upon the glassy stream.
His footsteps then he homeward turn'd,
And as he pass'd along,
To make his path more cheerful seem,
He raised his voice in song.

And musing on his lonely way
Along the river side,
He thought he heard a voice—and soon
A withered hag he spied :
She stood beside a mossy rock—
The moon upon her face
Shone clearly, but her features seem'd
To have no earthly trace.

She called upon his name—he stood—
And thus to him she said :
“ Would you have wealth ?—I know you would,
Then be my words obey'd ;
Go to the cave to-morrow night,
Beside the waterfall,
And wait beside the wither'd tree,
Till on your name I call.

“ But go alone, and cautiously
Enter that dark cave’s mouth—
The treasure I have mention’d, lies
In a corner next the South :
There’s a cross upon a mossy stone,
That has been mark’d with care ;
And underneath—but touch it not,
Until I meet you there.

“ Keep secret what you’ve heard to-night—
Let it be breathed to none ;
Else, ere yon moon arises thrice,
You’ll rue what you have done.”
She vanish’d ’neath the dewy bough—
In wonder long he stood ;
Then pondering on the words he heard,
His homeward way pursued.

In restless dreams he spent the night—
He fancied that alone
He wandered with the wither’d hag,
O’er many a wild unknown ;
That with a hideous laugh, at last,
She vanished from his sight,
Leaving him on a lonely moor,
On a wild and dreary night.

Again he walk'd by Ellen's side—
Again the voice he heard
That made his heart beat happily,
At every whisper'd word.
Beneath the leaves, upon his breast
She lean'd her forehead fair,
He look'd again—oh ! horrid sight !—
The wrinkled hag was there !

Next eve, along the well-known path
Alone he took his way ;
And slowly had the moments pass'd
Since morning dawn'd that day :
The sun was now behind the hills—
The shrill note of the wren
Alone disturb'd the quietness
Of that secluded glen.

He gain'd the lonely spot at last,
With weary steps and slow,
Where the water o'er the jetty rock
Falls foaming white as snow ;
On swift and noiseless wing the owl
From his resting-place flew by,
And far adown the silent glen
He heard his boding cry.

He heard a rustling of the leaves—
He saw the branches wave
Of the old rowan-tree, that grew
Nigh to that gloomy cave ;
He thought he saw a shadowy form
Beneath its dark shade stand—
'Twas she !—he heard her startling voice—
She beckon'd with her hand.

With fearless heart he follow'd her—
But ere he enter'd there,
He utter'd for his safe return
A short and earnest prayer ;
He felt the damp and noisome air
Upon his burning brow ;
But he, that had so long been brave,
Must not turn coward now.

* * * *

Oh ! many a time did Ellen sit
Alone in her quiet bower :
He came not when the twilight brought
Its soft and shadowy hour.
Oh ! many a lonely day pass'd by,
And many a bitter tear
Was shed for him in solitude,
By her he loved most dear.

And there was sadness round the hearth
Where he so long had been—
No longer now, at morn or eve,
His manly form is seen :
Even hope, that meteor of the mind,
A dubious glimmer shed ;
For they thought that he for whom they mourn'd
Was with the silent dead.

One dreary winter night, as they
Sat round the cheerful blaze—
(Oh ! every heart that yearns for home,
At that altar homage pays,—
In sorrow did they talk of him
Who from his own had gone,
And Hope had quenched her lamp of joy
In every breast save one.

The latch was lifted—he for whom
They mourn'd long in despair,
With care-worn look and visage pale
Stood gazing on them there !
His fishing-rod was in his hand,
As when he left them last ;
But his look was quick and wild—a change
Seem'd o'er him to have pass'd.

He little said to those who now
With joy around him clung ;
His mother gazed upon his face—
Her heart with grief was wrung :
For wild and wandering was his eye—
He seem'd to know no more
Those that were once most dear to him—
The friends he loved of yore.

When Winter brings his fiercest storms—
When Summer's in her pride—
The fisher's oft seen wandering
Along the river side :
He seems to shun the haunts of men,
And he sings a low, wild song,
To the mossy rocks and the gushing streams,
As he lonely hies along.

THE HUNTER.

One, in the forests of the West,
By a deep stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.—FELICIA HEMANS.

LIKE a mirror reflecting
The blue Summer skies,
A lake in the depth
Of the forest there lies,—
On whose banks, green and mossy,
The sweet-scented blossom
Is kiss'd by the light winds
That breathe o'er its bosom.

There oft we have guided
Our slender canoe,
And at sunset, when o'er
The bright water she flew,
Far, far o'er the ocean
In fancy we'd roam,
To our own sunny hills—
To our boyhood's loved home.

Then we thought of the time
That, with hearts full of glee,
We reclined 'neath the shade
Of the sycamore tree ;
And watch'd the light barque,
O'er the waves of the bay,
Like a speck to the sight,
Till it faded away.

And our hearts bounded high,
As we sigh'd for the day
When together we'd roam
O'er the waters away :
Oh ! we little thought then
That again we'd ne'er find
The calm, heart-felt joys
We were leaving behind.

In childhood, around
The same hearth we have play'd ;
'Neath the leaves of the forest
Long, long have we stray'd :
Our rifles have stopp'd
The red deer in his flight,
And we've met the fierce cougar,
Nor quail'd at the sight.

We have join'd with the red men—
The warriors of might ;
And when onward like demons
They rush'd to the fight,
We have echoed the wild whoop—
We've fought side by side—
And our spears with the foemen's
Best blood have been dyed.

But he rests now in peace :—
Upon mountain or lea,
On the war-path or chase,
Ne'er his fleet foot shall be.
Cold and damp was the dew
On his pale brow that night,
And dull seem'd that eye,
As the eagle's once bright.

Old Roswal, his brave hound,
Knew well where he slept,
For nightly his watch
By his cold grave he kept ;
But their bones long shall whiten
And bleach in the air,
For the gaunt wolves have held
Their grim carnival there.]

THE WATER-SPRITE.

OH ! I know the lone dell where the water-sprite sleeps,
And I know the dark pool where her vigil she keeps;
I have seen the grey rock where she lingers at dawn,
Ere the wild-bird away from his covert has flown.

At the still noon of night I have lain in the cave,
When the moon-silver'd mist glided slow o'er the wave ;
And I've heard her sweet song die away on the breeze
As she vanished beneath the dim shade of the trees.

Long years have roll'd by since that dell I have seen—
Since last by her fountain at nightfall I've been ;
Yet ofttimes again in my dreams I have stray'd
By that lone mountain stream, 'neath the alder's green
shade.

It glides there the same as when last by its side
I sat, till the sun to his slumbers had hied ;
But, oh ! does my heart beat as happily now
As it did, years ago, 'neath the sweet-scented bough ?

Not the bullbul's sweet warblings, in Persia's green bower,
My sad thoughts could soothe, at the twilight's soft hour :
Oh ! ne'er will my heart be as lightsome again,
For sorrow has made it her dwelling since then.

S T A N Z A ' S.

ALAS ! he is gone, and I linger alone
In my chamber all day, broken-hearted ;
And I think with a sigh, that the moments gone by
Seem almost an age since we parted :
Yet it cannot be long ere his gay, cheerful song
Will delight his dear Ellen again,
As together we stray, at the close of the day,
Where the stream gently glides through the glen.

When fair to the view, in yon arch of clear blue,
Slowly rises the queen of the night,
And the soft summer breeze, on the trembling trees,
Is kissing the dew-drops so bright ;—
When the lonely wild-bird 'mid the green leaves is heard
Blithely singing his carol so sweet,
Oh ! then surely he sighs, and in fancy oft flies
Once again his loved Ellen to meet.

No more by the side of the murmuring tide

Now I stray at the set of the sun,

To watch the white sail, as before the light gale

It is fading away, since he's gone :

Yet that hour will be ever sweeter to me

Than the rosiest time of the day ;

For the heart oft delights, on such mild balmy night ,

To steal from its sorrows away.

THE INDIAN BRIDE'S LAMENT.

FAR from his home he sleeps to-night,
And never will he wake,—oh, never !
His eagle eye, that flash'd so bright,
In death is closed for ever ;
He'll come no more when day has died,
To cheer again his hapless bride.

My heart is with him, where he sleeps
In his dark grave, where'er it be ;
And lonely here his loved one weeps,
Beneath the well-known tree ;—
The red-bird warbles on the bough,
But cannot cheer my bosom now.

He was the noblest of his race,
And none of all that warrior band
Could e'er outstrip him in the chase,
Or match his fearless hand,
That ever spread destruction far,
When roll'd the crimson tide of war.

With what a joy my bosom glows,
Each daring deed of his to tell
I've seen him when the war-whoop rose
So wild o'er flood and fell—
Oh ! then the life-blood flow'd like rain—
His gleaming knife ne'er fell in vain

But in his grave, so lone and low,
The dauntless one at last is laid ;
He'll strike no more the lurking foe—
The rust is on his blade—
The dew of death is on his brow—
His arm is cold and nerveless now.

When lying by his side at rest,
Beneath the shade, at day's decline,
And gazing on the glowing West,
Oh ! what a joy was mine,
To think that ever by his side
I'd roam, his dear-loved, happy bride !

He told me of a region fair,
Far, far beyond the skies serene—
The bright home of his fathers—where
The woods are ever green—

Where still the heart beats happily,
From every care and sorrow free.

My spirit yearns to meet him there ;
E'en now, methinks, he chides my stay,
And waits with me the joys to share
That never pass away:
Our home will be by some bright river,
Where we will live and love for ever.

A F R A G M E N T.

* * * * *

THE winds of Summer, soft and light,
Scarce shook the dew-drop from the fern—
'Twas midnight, and the moon's pale light
Was sleeping on the lonely cairn :
On many a deed I ponder'd then,
Of murder done by wood and glen,
When seated on a rugged stone,
Beside that spot so wild and lone.

For I had dreamt of hidden graves,
Where restless spirits nightly cry—
Of skeletons in lonely caves,
That ne'er were seen by human eye;—
I've fancied, in the wild, dark night,
I've seen a pale mysterious light
Flit slowly o'er a grass-green spot,
The home of some one long forgot.

I started!—on the winds of night

I heard a low and wailing cry,
And nigh me, in the dim moonlight,

I saw a figure stealing by.
Was it a dream, or could it be
That fever'd fancy dealt with me?
Oh, no! I felt the dewy air
Of midnight breathing on me there.

Was it spirit from the dead,
Around that spot that glided slow?
My sinking heart then felt a dread
I trust again 'twill never know;
And, as o'er that old pile it bent,
It seem'd as 'twere a guardian sent
To watch the mould'ring bones that lay
Beneath that cairn, so lone and grey.

* * * * *

T O M * * * .

THE sweet, the heart-delighting hours that we
Have spent, are gone ;

This lonely time now brings no joy to me,
My gentle one !

I knew those blissful moments could not last
To us for ever,
And joy, like to the peaceful joy that's past,
Will come—oh, never !

When Summer with her green leaves clothes the tree,
And breezes mild
Are kissing softly, on the verdant lea,
The daisies wild,—
Steal out alone, when fades the dying day,
To each loved spot ;
And let not him who may be far away,
Be then forgot.

Remember me when all around are gay—
When rosy Mirth
Makes the dull time pass pleasantly away,
Beside the hearth ;
And some sweet spirit at that hour will fly
Far o'er the sea,
And bear upon its wings each gentle sigh
You heave for me.

THE DYING CHIEF.

He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.—Rev. C. WOLFE.

THE broad moon from a cloudless sky
Far on the silent world look'd down,
And sleep has seal'd the deer's bright eye,
On dewy heath and forest brown ;
The heron o'er the purling spring
No longer flapp'd his heavy wing,
Nor e'en, the tangled brakes among,
Was heard the night-bird's fitful song.

We gazed in silence on him there,
Whose heart will ne'er know sorrow more ;
The wild breeze kiss'd the raven hair
His swarthy brow that cluster'd o'er.
In vain to staunch the purple tide,
That stain'd the flow'ry heath, we tried ;
Life ebb'd away—his glazing eye
Was fix'd upon the star-lit sky.

Never on earth can I forget
The last faint pressure of his hand ;
And, oh ! methinks I see him yet,
When smiling sadly on that band—

Those long-tried friends, in silent grief
Who stood around their gallant chief—
In Summer's bloom, in Winter's wrath,
Who long had kept his daring path.

We laid him where the pine-trees wave,
All lonely, to the midnight sky;
And burning tears bedew'd his grave,
From founts that had for years been dry :
No longer now his pealing horn,
Far on the forest echoes borne,
Will thrill with joy the hearts that still
Would bleed for him on dale or hill.

NOTE.—The ruins of the Abbey alluded to at page 13, are about four miles from Belfast, a little to the left of the road leading to Carrickfergus. They stand on the lands of Hugh M'Calmont, Esq., to whose taste for the relics of the olden time, we are indebted for the remaining fragments of this ancient structure. Though evidently once a place of considerable note, it is not even mentioned in our monastic annals; but in an M.S. which the writer has seen, of the date of A.D. 1269, it is called *Druin*, or *Drum-la-Croix*, alias *Drumcross*. The modern name is evidently taken from that of the monks, who were of the order of Premonstrantensis, or White Canons, and came from the Abbey of Dryburgh in Scotland. Adjoining is said to have been an ancient city, called *Coole*—still the old name of the living and parish. That part of the building yet standing, appears to be a portion of the eastern wing; it is finely covered with ivy, and has three long narrow windows, without any ornament. A few silver coins of the Edwards and Henrys of England, have been found in its vicinity, and, according to tradition, formerly some small images of the same metal.

S O N G S.



SONGS.

MY HOME IS BY THE LONE BLUE SEA.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone.—MOORE.

My home is by the lone blue sea,
And ere the sun's at rest,
Far on its silent shores I'll be,
From her I love the best :
Oh ! say will e'er a tender thought
Upon the absent dwell—
Or will I, sweet one ! be forgot,
When thou hast said farewell ?

I little thought so soon we'd part ;
But, should we never meet,
Thou wilt be dearest to this heart,
Till it has ceased to beat.
At evening, when the wild-birds fill
The woods with melody—
At midnight, when the world is still—
My thoughts shall be with thee.

O that together we could roam
On some far ocean-isle !
We'd make on some sweet spot our home,
Where sunbeams ever smile :
How blest we'd live the whole day long !
And when in myrtle bowers,
At eve, you sung the gentle song,
How blithe would pass the hours !

Yet, were we in that region drear
Where seldom shines the sun,
What joy would still my bosom cheer,
If thou wert all my own !
'Tis vain !—it never thus can be—
My sad thoughts who can tell ?
Oh ! they can ne'er be known to thee :
My loved one !—fare thee well !

OH ! TELL ME, CANST THOU E'ER FORGET.

OH ! tell me, canst thou e'er forget
The little fairy well—
The spreading tree where oft we met,
As Summer evening fell ?
For gentle was the gale that breathed
Upon each leafy bough,
When underneath their shade I wreathed
A garland for thy brow.

Yes—balmy was the air that stirr'd
The rose-leaf on thy breast,
When last we heard the lonely bird
Mourn o'er her plunder'd nest ;
And bright as morning dew the tear
That fell from thy blue eye,
When, sitting on a willow near,
We saw her droop and die.

From lover's lute how soft the lay
That stole along the sea,
Whose waves beneath the moonlight ray
Slept in tranquillity !

Yet far away the sound did seem
 (But, oh ! how still and sweet !)
'Twas like the music of a dream,
 When parted lovers meet.

At night-fall, when I sit alone
 Beside the little well,
Upon thy every look and tone
 How fondly do I dwell !
I think I hear the sweet, wild song,
 That oft you sung to me,
And fancy I still walk along
 The verdant mead with thee.

THE END.



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